

POLAND FIGHTS

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POLES IN UPPER SILESIA



Population 1,131,543, of whom 1,056,917 or 93.4% declared Polish as their mother-tongue

POLAND SPEAKS . . .

Address by Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Ambassador to the United States,
at the Inauguration of the Polish Institute of Art and Science, at the
Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, on Friday, May 15, 1942

AS AMBASSADOR of Poland to the United States I welcome the inauguration of the Polish Institute of Art and Science, this new Center of Polish research and culture.

On behalf of the President of the Republic of Poland, of the Polish Government, of the People of Poland and on my own behalf, I have the honor to express most fervent wishes for its successful and fruitful development.

The Institute, which starts its activities today, is a research center of the Polish Academy of Art and Science. It is conceived as an autonomous and non-political institution of learning. As such, it assumes a great and responsible mission. Its mission is the more important, as it is non-political and purely scientific and cultural. Its task is the more responsible, as in Poland today an uncouth, ruthless and barbaric oppressor is deliberately and methodically destroying every vestige of Polish learning and culture.

This wanton work of destruction has gone on unceasingly for more than two-and-a-half years, by the most brutal physical extermination of Polish men of science and learning, of all intellectuals, as well as by the wanton destruction and robbery of all that represents, not only for Poland, but for the entire civilized world, the fruit of centuries of cultural and scientific research and philosophical thought. All forms of Polish secondary and higher education are forbidden. All except primary schools have been closed down.

Let us pay tribute to the memory of hundreds of Polish professors and thinkers who have been murdered or who have died of torture, exhaustion or exposure in the concentration camps of the German Kulturtragers of the twentieth century. They have suffered violence and death, merely because their culture and scientific attainments were regarded by their murderers as a mortal menace to Germany's lust for the enslavement of the bodies and souls of free mankind, — that lust, which is the basis of German philosophy today.

The lecture halls of our Polish universities, of our Alma Mater Cracoviensis, have been turned into barracks for Hitler's fanatical soldiers and his Gestapo. On the shelves of our beautiful university libraries, stripped of their priceless manuscripts and books, emblems of Germanic culture — beer-mugs — are now aligned. The long tables, at which for centuries generations of thinkers and students bowed in pious and respectful concentration over venerable volumes, now indignantly support the crushing elbows of Hitler's brawling soldiery.

That an obscure German paperhanger, in the throes of his insane megalomania, has plunged into wanton destruction of all that human culture had laboriously amassed in centuries, is in itself no wonder. The very logic of his madness urges him to create around himself the one and only atmosphere in which his lamentable figure becomes noticeable — an atmosphere of intellectual and spiritual emptiness.

But that the nation, which produced Kant, Goethe, Schiller and Heine, has not only followed him blindly, but has become a

murderous implement of destruction in his hand, — is a wonder and a disgrace.

Tremendous as the sacrifice, civilized humanity might afford to lose even an entire generation in a righteous cause. It cannot afford to lose the freedom of its spirit, the boundless treasures of its cultural inspiration, its fecundity and freedom of thought.

The mission of the Polish Institute of Art and Science in America will be unusually vast. It will be its duty not only to advance Polish science and art, — but above all to preserve the threatened tradition of Polish thought and culture. You are, for the time being, the living expression of Poland's constructive genius, of Poland's cultural inspiration, of Poland's creative thought in exile.

Exactly nine years ago, on the 10th of May, at Hitler's behest, all books that he considered contrary to his insane doctrine were publicly burned in Germany. Seventy million Germans watched the perpetration of that unspeakable outrage on their freedom, without daring to protest, without choosing to protest. The world looked on with seeming indifference.

And yet, it was not when he acceded to power, nor when he murdered Dolfuss, nor when he annexed Austria, nor when he raped Czechoslovakia, nor even when he attacked Poland, — that Hitler challenged the world of freedom and civilization. He challenged it on that 10th of May when, within a few months of his rise to power, he destroyed the works of German free thought of past centuries, to build for himself that pedestal of ashes on which he now stands exposed to the world as the most sinister statue of fanaticism, self-worship and ignorance.

The Polish Institute of Art and Science enjoys a special and most valuable privilege. It is establishing its residence in the United States. It is adding one more beacon of light to the American world of scientific research and cultural inspiration. It will enjoy the freedom and hospitality of the American people. European civilization and culture, driven out of their secular homes by Hitler and his German robots, have found a refuge in this free and enlightened country. European creative thought and the remnants of European art, in the ragged garb of refugees, have been received with open arms by the American people. And here they are being restored to their rightful place of splendor in the intellectual world, to preserve and further to develop the blessed fruit of culture and of learning for the benefit of free humanity.

The American people hold the destinies of the world in their hands, not only because American manpower, American skill, American enterprise, American wealth and American machinery will produce the tools of victory in this holy war, — but especially because they are so generously extending the protection of their strong and great country to civilization and culture, thus enabling them to endure and to survive.

GERMANS DESTROY POLISH RURAL ECONOMY

Excerpt from the analysis of Mr. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Polish Minister of the Interior

GERMAN policy in Poland and other conquered countries aims to secure to Germans the position of a master-race and to destroy other nations living in what the Nazis call their own lebensraum. Nations not to be destroyed for the time being, are to be slaves of the Master Race. Taking into account the possibility of defeat, the Germans are making such changes now as will bind the conquered nations once and for all to the German economic system and lead to their ultimate political vassalage.

German policy is characterized by slavery, oppression, terror, robbery, exploitation, disorganization of industries liable to compete with those of Germany itself, adaptation of production in conquered countries to German needs and the harnessing of manpower to the German war and economic machine.

War came and then occupation. During this period, the Polish countryside had to pass through various stages. A period of actual fighting and destruction caused by military operations was followed by the division of Poland into the area illegally incorporated into the Reich and a Government General. From the first the Germans deliberately set to work to exterminate the Polish people and to exploit those who remained in favor of the "Master Race." Then Poland was used as a rest area for reserves of the German army, as a springboard for the German armies on eve of Hitler's attack on Russia, and since then as a hinterland for the German Eastern front.

The destruction by war of buildings and agricultural implements, both during the attack on Poland

and later on Russia through Polish territory, cannot yet be precisely estimated.

Polish villages were robbed of almost everything when, after the campaigns of France and the Balkans, German troops, no longer needed there, were sent to Poland for rest and recuperation. A large number of German divisions are permanently stationed in Poland, to hold the Poles in check and to

curb their resistance which is far from passive. This army of occupation constantly draws on the food supplies of the country. Lastly, just before the German attack on Russia, some 5,000,000 German soldiers passed through Poland depriving her of the very last available food stocks. Now all remaining supplies are systematically stolen, as Poland is the nearest base for the Eastern front. The requisitioning of cattle, for feeding the armies, and of horses has made great inroads into Polish livestock and herds.

However, the greatest damage — and it will require immediate action after the war — has been done by the special "population policy" of the

Germans in Poland. Of course, as far as agriculture is concerned, the main principle of German policy in all conquered countries is to maintain or even to increase production, and to exploit it for Germany's home needs and war effort. As a basis of their barbarous extermination policy, the Germans proceeded to wholesale confiscation of Polish property and to the deportation of the owners. More than 1,200,000 men and women were deported from villages in the

(Please turn to page 4)



German Resettlement of Polish Territories from which Poles have been Deported.

GERMANS DESTROY POLISH RURAL ECONOMY

(Continued from page 3)

illegally "incorporated" areas to the Government General. To take their place 207,719 Germans from outside the Reich—not counting those brought from the Third Reich itself—were settled there according to official German figures.

It is only the desire to maintain production that puts a limit to this policy of deportation. That is why the deportation of farmers takes place mainly in winter so as not to hamper production. Germans from Germany, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bucovina, Bessarabia, the Tyrol, Italy, etc., have been brought in to take the place of the deported Poles.

As fewer Germans were brought in than Poles were deported, Polish farmhands were mostly retained on the spot. The size of holdings was also increased by amalgamations, in some cases large estates that had been parcelled out were reconstituted, to avoid lowering the production and to decrease the local consumption of agricultural produce. On the other hand the Germans imported a certain amount of agricultural implements and artificial fertilizers as well as seed and cattle for stock raising, so as to increase the agricultural output of these areas.

In Silesia 15,500 peasants were deprived of their holdings, amounting to 54,500 acres.

In the so-called Wartheland, Poles were dispossessed from about 125,000 farms, on which about 50,000 German colonists have been settled according to German official sources.

In the so-called Danzig Westpreussen province, Poles were expelled from some 35,000 holdings on which 9,000 German colonists settled.

In the Ciechanow district, some 18,000 Polish farms were confiscated from their owners and 8,000 German families settled on them.

To this add 5,500 estates of more than 125 acres in the illegally "incorporated" areas, all confiscated.

In all about 166,000 Polish farmers have been expelled from their farms in the illegally "incorporated" areas to make room for Germans from outside the Third Reich alone. The number of Germans brought in from the Reich itself is unknown.

In the so-called Government General things are

different. Here the Germans try to combine their desire to obtain higher agricultural output, with their policy of exploitation. Although Germans, in their own interest, are anxious to maintain agricultural production at its former level, the falling off is unmistakable. The lack of transport made it impossible for Germans to supply Polish territories with the promised amount of fertilizers, seeds, seed potatoes, and agricultural implements, necessary to maintain production. All this and also the shortage of horses, due to requisitioning and war, caused part of the land to lie fallow in 1940 and 1941. Intensification of the production of grain, root crops and agricultural raw materials for industry, caused a

shortage of fodder and a decrease in the stocks of cattle and hogs. This decrease has been accentuated by surreptitious slaughtering — in spite of the fact that this is punishable by death — and by the destruction of stocks during deportations.

For deportations take place not only to make room for Germans, but also for strategic reasons, the extension of war zones and construction of airfields; also as a reprisal for the non-delivery of quotas of agricultural products.

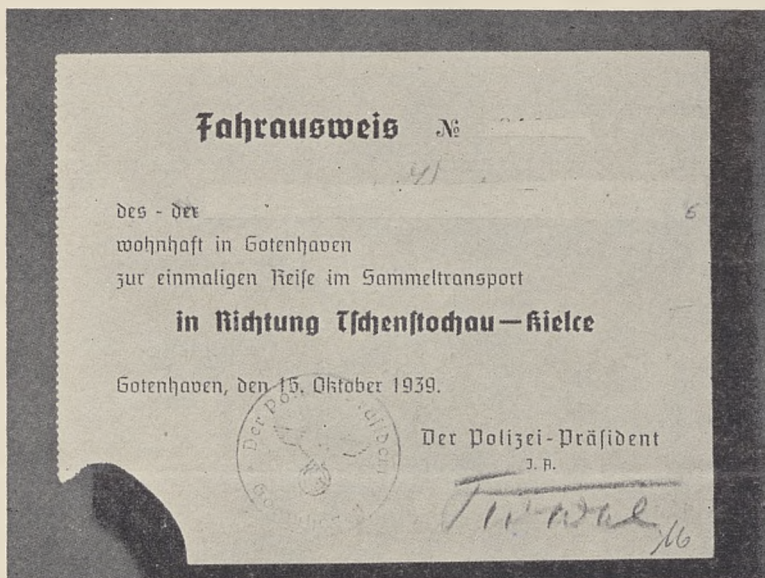
In the Debica Kolbuszowa district, the inhabitants of about sixty villages were expelled from 25,000

holdings, while in the region of Radom all the inhabitants of more than a hundred districts working 10,000 farms were expelled.

The depletion of the stocks of cattle and hogs in Poland is estimated at from 30 to 35%, while agricultural production as a whole has fallen off 40%.

We now come to the essence of exploitation. Rates and taxes have been raised by more than 150 percent, incomes have been lowered, compulsory work on maintenance of roads has been increased to five days per week.

Farmers have to deliver quotas of everything they produce. Theoretically they are permitted to grind 300 lbs. of grain for their own needs, all the rest has to be sent to the country collection centers. Only small amounts of grain are allotted for fodder and sowing. All milk must be sent to dairy centers. Dairies are forbidden to sell butter to Poles while all eggs and poultry must also be sent to the centers.



THE ROBBED . . . A travelling pass for one of the thousands of Polish inhabitants of Gdynia who were evicted from the town after the German occupation. The pass reads: "Travelling Pass of inhabitant of Gdynia for a single journey in collective transport, in the direction of Czeszochowa-Kielce. Gdynia, 15 October, Police President." (For obvious reasons the number of the pass and the name of its bearer have been obliterated.)

POLISH INSTITUTE OF ART & SCIENCE

THE POLISH INSTITUTE of Art and Science in the United States was inaugurated on May 15 at exercises in the Morgan Library in New York by Professor Malinowski, in the presence of H. E. Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Ambassador, who made an address reprinted herewith as "Poland Speaks."

The Institute has been founded by those members of the Polish Academy, the leading organization of Polish learning before the war and the tragic days of Warsaw, who escaped the invader and made their way to the United States. It is intended to establish permanent collaboration between Polish and American scholars, to spread knowledge of Poland and her culture in the United States and to assist Polish scholars in becoming acquainted with American culture.

Elected to active membership were Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Harold Henry Fisher of Stanford University, Professor Robert J. Kerner of the University of California, Dr. William Westerman and Professor Robert M. MacIver of Columbia and Professor Samuel H. Cross of Harvard. Named as corresponding members were Professor Michael Karpovich of Harvard, Mieczyslaw Haiman of the Polish Museum of Chicago, Professor Clarence A. Manning and Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of Columbia, Professor Frank Nowak of Boston University, the Rev. Dr. J. J. Rolbiecki of Catholic University, Professor S. H. Rhomson of the University of Colorado, Professor Philip E. Mosely of Cornell and Professor Edmund Zawacki of the University of Wisconsin.

Among the speakers were Dr. W. G. Leland, director of the American Council of Learned Societies; Professor Kalvdan Koht, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of Norway, and Paul Super, director of the Polish Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

After the war the Polish Institute will be taken over by the Polish Academy as a permanent institution promoting intellectual cooperation between America and Poland, but it will begin at once to work in favor of such cooperation in all branches of knowledge and at the same time secure the continuity of Polish cultural life.

The Polish Institute started under such glowing auspices is already in mourning for its Chairman, Professor B. Malinowski, who died suddenly the very next day.

PROFESSOR BRONISLAW K. MALINOWSKI



PROF. BRONISLAW K. MALINOWSKI, Chairman of the Polish Institute of Art and Science, Professor of Anthropology at Yale, was born in Cracow, Poland on April 7, 1884, the son of Lucyan and Jozefa Lacka Malinowski.

Professor Malinowski was an ardent patriot, as well as a great scientist. It was very largely due to his energy and initiative that the Polish Institute was created and he played a most active part in planning for European reconstruction after the war, as one of the Polish members of the Central and Eastern European Planning Board.

He attended the University of Cracow, and received his Ph.D. degree there in 1908. He also studied at the University of Leipzig, in Germany, and then did research at the British Museum and the London School of Economics. He went with the Robert Mond anthropological expedition to New Guinea and Northwest Melanesia in 1914, and two years later received the Doctor of Science degree from the University of London in 1916.

He visited the United States and Mexico in 1926, on the invitation of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation,

visiting various universities, and making a study of the Pueblo Indians.

Some years later, Professor Malinowski visited South and East Africa, doing research among the Bantu tribes. The published results of his expeditions are known to scientists the world over, and have been translated into many foreign languages. Among them are "The Family Among Australian Aborigines", "Argonauts of the Western Pacific", "Crime and Custom in Savage Society", "Myth in Primitive Psychology", "The Sexual Life in Northwest Melanesia," and "Married Life in African Tribes."

In recent years, he had been particularly interested in culture change and the effect on primitive peoples of their contact with more advanced peoples. In connection with this research, he spent the last two summers in Mexico, studying the ethnology and ethnography of certain Indian tribes.

In 1936, Mr. Malinowski was a guest at the Tercentenary Celebration at Harvard University, where he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science, and was also made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa.

He was a member of the Royal Academy of the Netherlands and was a former associate of the Institute for Comparative Study of Culture, in Oslo. At Yale he was a fellow of Timothy Dwight College.

He married twice. His first wife was the former Elise Rosaline Masson of Melbourne, Australia. They had three daughters, Jozefa Maria, Wanda and Helena Paula. His second wife was the former Mrs. Anna Valeta Swann.

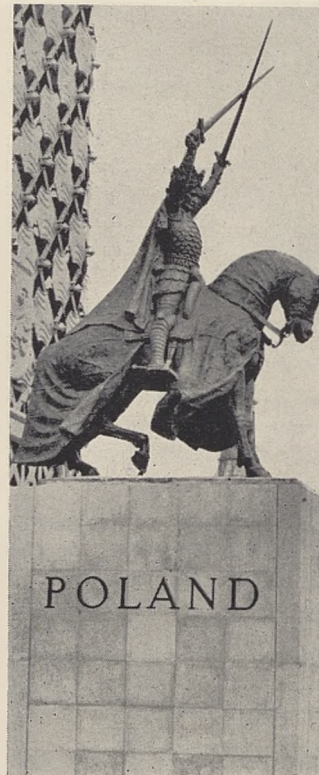
MODERN POLISH SCULPTURE BY DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA



Detail of Statue of King Jagiello by S. Ostrowski

parent gilded tower before which it stands, by the City of New York as "a permanent memorial to Poland and all who love Liberty." It is now in Flushing Meadows Park. The heroic Polish king is shown on horseback, holding aloft two naked swords as if still defying the Teutonic Knights, who went down to defeat before him at Grunwald in 1410.

New artistic tendencies in Polish sculpture are well represented by one of the strongest personalities in Polish art, Ksawery Dunikowski (1876), who began his artistic career as an impressionist. As time went on he simplified his work more and more, but never allowed it to become abstract or inorganic. It acquired a distinctly monumental character. He loves to carve in stone for architectural decoration, but he is equally proficient when working in wood, as witness his expressive, inim-



STATUE OF KING JAGIELLO by S. Ostrowski

itably beautiful heads, executed for a ceiling of the Wawel in Krakow, which liberated Poland was restoring to its former splendor. These wonderful wooden heads show the influence of Polish Late Gothic as well as of Polish peasant art.

However, the chief exponent of the national style in Polish sculpture was not Dunikowski, but Jan Szczepkowski (1878), who drew his chief inspiration from the woodcarving of the Polish highlanders of the Podhale Valley situated on the northern slopes of the Tatra Mountains. His expressive wooden sculptures, true in style to the medium used, are flat and predominantly decorative in character. He won international fame with his wooden

chapel carved for the Paris International Exhibition in 1925. Its artistic beauty and genuinely Polish style led to its acquisition by the French government to adorn one of France's old churches. A chapel, similar in style, was ordered by a Swiss church.

In strong contrast to Szczepkowski, Edward Wittig (1877-1941), who died of exhaustion last year in Warsaw, represented international tendencies in modern Polish sculpture. He was a pupil of Emile-Antoine Bourdelle, the famous French sculptor, whose magnificent monument to the Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz adorned the Place de l'Alma in Paris before the Germans removed it. Wittig, working chiefly in stone, was a master of well-balanced masses and tranquil contour. His works include the "Pax" statue in the Palace of Peace at The Hague; the "Sphinx" in the Luxembourg Museum in

Paris, and "Eve" in the Trocadero Gardens. Very numerous statues created by him embellish Warsaw. Among these the most outstanding is the monument to the "Aviator."

Neo-classical tendencies clearly discernible in Wittig's art, appear still more distinctly in Henryk Kuna's (1883) work; his chief concern seems to be an even rhythm of soft and waving lines.

These, the leading masters of modern Polish sculpture, were followed by a number of no less talented younger artists. Like most sculptors of their generation, they were influenced during their studies and artistic gropings, by some primitive or more or less archaic art. The effect of such early sources of inspiration is evident at times even in the work of their maturer years. Thus August Zamoyski (1893), a sculptor in hard stone — granite, diorite, or basalt — that he hews himself, reminds one forcefully of the best in Egyptian art. At the outbreak of the war he was in Paris and made an attempt to reach Poland, but, after months of peregrination, he finally settled down in Rio de Janeiro. There he gained immediate recognition. He has already been entrusted with a class in sculpture by the Academy of Fine Arts in Rio and given a commission by the Ministry of Education for a statue of "Victory."

Maryla Lednicka, since 1936 resident in New York, has attained her best results in very beautiful and expressive religious statues. They breathe the calm atmosphere of the early French Gothic, while a touch of sadness and the decorative treatment of



"CHRIST" by H. Kuna

the artist's stone or wooden works, give them a genuinely Polish charm, so often commented upon by critics, both European and American. The artist began her artistic career in Paris where she worked under Bourdelle. After Paris she went to Italy where she spent several years before coming to America, where she had several successful individual exhibitions, as for instance in the Wildenstein Galleries and the Julien Levy Galleries, and she has also shown her work in many general Art Exhibitions.

In contradistinction to Mme. Lednicka's calm, (Please turn to page 12)

WOJTEK'S STORY BY ANNA MACLAREN

Taken from Pilot Wojtek X's story in the 303 Squadron log-book April 21st, 1941.

DAWN was breaking. It was about five a.m. and I was having a snooze in the dispersal hut, digesting the very good breakfast I had had half an hour before.

I was on "readiness" and looked hopefully at the clear sky; these long days from dawn to dusk waiting for the call to "operations" in the huts, are tedious, to put it mildly.

Turning over, I dozed off again. At 8 o'clock there was a commotion and I awoke, threw "Spitzki" — the kitten — off my feet and rushed out full of renewed hope. But the sky was now covered by a heavy blanket of clouds and I gathered that "readiness" was off.

It was time for another breakfast, I decided, such a hard-worked fellow as I surely deserved it; but I considered that before satisfying the inner man again, a little spiritual refreshment would not come amiss. On my way to the Mess I went into the little station chapel.

That done I set my course in a bee-line, and with certain impatience, for the dining-room, conjuring up in my mind visions of delicious platesful of eggs and bacon as I went. I was hurrying down the passage to the dining-room when I bumped into "George" in the passage.

"Coming, old man," he was saying to an English officer. "Just give me a minute to get my tie on." I noticed he was just doing up his back collar-stud. "Must always have a tie on, you know . . ." He vanished after having said that.

Something was up. I sensed it; in fact I strongly suspected what all the rush was about, and the premonition grew in me that there was to be no second breakfast for me that morning. Eggs and bacon had suddenly receded rapidly into the dim and distant future.

I was right. As I got to the door of the Mess-room I was seized by the arm by "Sparrow."

"Come on," he shouted. "Operations for B. Flight. Here, take a look at these instructions, you're to lead the formation." He shoved a bundle of typewritten pages into my hands, and without waiting for me to reply, went on: "Do you know what to do?"

I didn't tell him what I thought of his idiotic question; nothing unusual for him, I ruminated.

I replied with as much patience and dignity as I could, that I supposed so. But perhaps he had better tell me just the same, since he seemed to know so much about it.

"Know *all* about it now, old boy!" He snatched the papers back from me. I had had time to read the first paragraph, in which I learned that I was to use six of my machines at 30,000 feet. I had also had time to notice at what time we were to take off, and our destination.

So we were going to be given another of those God-sent opportunities for "free-lancing," in dog-fights over the lovely land of Occupied France! A strafe-as-strafe-can affair.



"THUMBS UP!"

"Come on," shouted "Sparrow," "got to go." We hopped into the dilapidated station flivver. We'd been driving along the aerodrome for some minutes and had nearly arrived at the Intelligence Officers' headquarters.

On the way in the car, "Sparrow" started chattering a lot about smoke-trails and vapor-trails, and kept repeating something about "R.T. Silence"; and "Don't use your radio until you reach the French coast."

Not being very talkative I didn't say a word. In fact I was no longer listening.

Just as we were leaving the Intelligence Officers' hut, "Sparrow" leapt at a large-scale map of France and the Channel that was on the wall.

Personally I prefer not to look at these things. They're always covered with the most ominous and mysterious pins and flags and circles and what not. This one was no exception. "Sparrow" with joy pointed to that part of the map where the red and blue drawing-pins and red circles were thickest. There seemed to be battalions of them, and he informed me that that was where we were to do our work that morning. The pins represented Ack-Ack batteries and the red circles aerodromes. The French coast at that point was almost obliterated by them. I consoled myself by looking at the virgin unbroken expanse of blue that represented the channel.

"Don't get taken by surprise," "Sparrow" breezed as he left me.

"What do you mean?" I shouted at his retreating figure. "Cannon-shells or Messerschmitts?"

"Be sure to count the enemy planes," said the Intelligence officer.

(Continued on opposite page)

I promised him fervently that I would, and giving a last apparently casual glance at the be-ringed and be-pinned map, left him standing, a bit puzzled.

Arriving at last at B. Flight there was more routine to face. Old "Daddy" Jarek, Adjutant of the Squadron, was badgering everyone as usual. He was worried as he didn't know where we would find refuelling stations. The trip was to be a long one.

"But you poor things," he cried, "you must be able to fill up somewhere." Kindly though he was, there was general relief when he left.

It was decided that we shouldn't take revolvers. They queer the compass, often.

"What's the use of them, anyway," I said to "Sparrow," "when the cock-pit's shut?"

"Don't worry, old boy, it's just softening of the brain," he murmured. "You can go to a nice comfortable home when you get back . . ."

I hurried off to verify the vectors and to see that the crews were O.K.

Wildly shouting "scramble," we made for the machines running hell for leather, and clambered in. The air-screws were soon all turning after each engine had been fired on its automatic starter. With sharp, staccato reports the Spitfires, one after the other, seemed to spit their purpose. Before all the air-screw blades of B. Flight were turning it sounded as though the field was being swept by sporadic machine-gun fire. A. Flight had already gone.

"Must make sure you don't get away." My mechanic made his eternal humorous crack as he strapped me into my harness. Standing on the wings of the other planes, leaning into the cock-pits, five other mechanics of B. Flight were as assiduously rendering this last service to their pilots.

We taxied to the runway, moved into formation in pairs, nose against the wind. Two and two together we left the runway. In a few seconds we were up in the sky, throttles pushed fully forward. One after another the under-carriages disappeared into the bellies of their machines.

We circled the base once, throttles now pulled back and air-screws in "coarse" pitch. The greater the "coarseness" of the pitch the greater the resistance on the blades of the air-screws; thus greater "thrust" is produced and greater speed gained. The changing angle of the blades that creates the "coarseness", continues to alter automatically until it reaches its maximum at a height of something like 25,000 feet.

"Airborne." I contact the ground radio operator.

"Receiving you clear," comes the routine reply. "Everything O.K. Listening out." When a conversation is being carried on, the ground operator terminates each sentence to the pilot with "Over," meaning "You carry on."

"Do you remember me?" one of our pilots asked the ground operator once, when he could not think of the English for "Can you hear me?" He got a pretty dirty reply.

We emerged from heavy cloud-banks just as we quit the coast of England. Now for the Huns and France! I settled happily in my seat and was just thinking of having a word with "Sparrow" when I remembered his "Keep R.T. silence" admonitions. I contained myself with difficulty. I had a score to settle with him for that "Do you know what to do?"

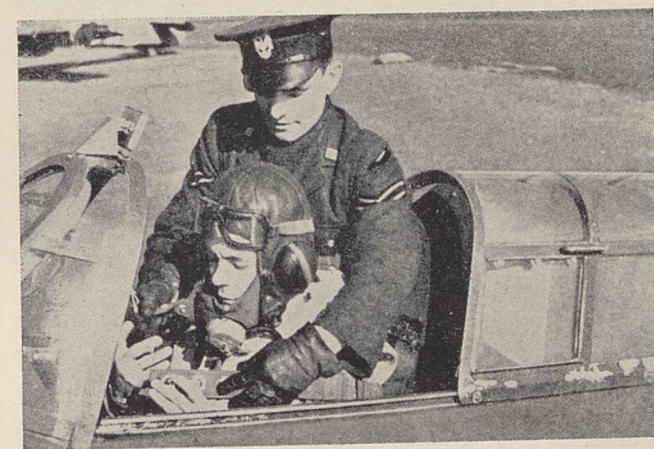
Half-way across the channel I started trying to remember the instructions, but could only hear "Sparrow's" voice in my ear "Keep R.T. silence. Fly below the vapor clouds . . ." When you're in "vapor" clouds you leave a smoke-trail and naturally every pilot tries to avoid this, for these thin, slow dissolving, white serpentine lines can be seen in the sky by the enemy at great distances and betray the pilot's presence. It depends on the atmospheric conditions whether these tell-tale trails are left by the plane and on the height at which the pilot is flying. When climbing or diving it often happens that he is forced to pass through these crucial layers of vapor clouds that produces the trail.

I was feeling dreamily good tempered and had stopped worrying about the instructions. After all everything was going smoothly. Pictures began to form in my mind. First I had a vivid day-dream of Yvonne, our Squadron waitress . . . She was carrying a tray with innumerable dishes of the most succulent looking eggs and bacon . . . And they were for me! Then "George" appeared with a large compass in his hand. He seemed very annoyed about something. "Perhaps it's his tie," I thought, "he still hasn't got it on." Then, vaguely, as through a cloud, I thought I heard him telling old "Daddy" Rybarski, the adjutant, not to worry, that we had plenty of petrol.

I glanced downwards out of the cock-pit. There it was! The Channel, and, ahead, the coast of France. Everything looks very peaceful from 27,000 feet. I noticed two little dark specks away to my left.

"Must be Messerschmitts," I thought. And they were. There were two of them. One dived down

(Please turn to page 11)



Polish mechanic straps fighter pilot into his "Spitfire"

"BROTHERS - in - ARMS" in the Middle East



"Honor and Fatherland"

MEMBERS of the Polish Carpathian Brigade in the Middle East are publishing a very interesting fortnightly journal called "Nasze Drogi" (Our Way).

Marian Hemar, in a descriptive article entitled "Brothers-in-Arms" tells something of the Polish soldiers' life in the desert and of how they are fraternizing with their British, Australian and New Zealand allies.

"They get on well together, beyond all expectations," says this writer, who expresses the friendship existing between the men by the Polish word "przyjaciół" which has a deeper meaning than the equivalent English word "friend". "When a Pole calls you 'Friend' it means that he gives you his friendship in heart and soul; a lasting friendship."

As an instance of this Marian Hemar relates a rather amusing incident, as follows: "The military

police brought a former driver of a Warsaw taxi to the hospital. His face was bruised, one of his eyes was almost closed and he had a fractured arm. When the M.O. had this soldier paraded before him he was surprised to recognize a taxi-driver whom he had known in Warsaw before the war.

"'Doc,' said Felix, 'I beg to report that it was like this: I went to town without a pass, and a soldier without a pass would not start a row. I was walking down a street when I see some Arabs giving someone a hiding. Now, I have nothing against the Arabs because whenever they see one of our lads they say "bolon dobra", so I said to myself, let them fight, it's no business of mine. But when I notice that they are beating up two drunken English Tommies. So naturally, Doc, I start beating them too. These Arabs, naturally, Doc.'

"'But why did you get mixed up in this row?' asked the Doctor.

"'Well, Doc, these were my friends, my allies. I just had to help them. There were about ten Arabs but we managed to drive them off — and just then the Military Police arrived on the scene and I was taken back to barracks because I had no pass!'"

On another occasion a Polish soldier was reprimanded by his officer.

"Why don't you carry an eagle on your cap?" the officer demanded.

"Beg to report, Sir," said the soldier, "it's absolutely impossible to keep the eagle on the cap."

"Nonsense, my good man. What do you mean you cannot keep it on your cap. Does it fly away, or what?"

"No sir, the Australians take it."

There was a period when the Australians were quite mad about those Eagles. For three eagles they would barter an Australian hat and free beer for the evening. But the whole point was not to buy the Eagle in a shop, anybody could do that.

On one occasion a tough, burly Australian and a Pole almost came to blows because the Australian was determined to "get the bird for whose sake he had gone to war," as he expressed it.

In the Polish camp "Somewhere in Egypt" there was one exemplary soldier. He would have brought joy even to the founder of the YMCA. He did not



A POLISH "LAWRENCE"



"HE CAN PLAY ROUGH"

drink, smoke, wear shoes or socks or go to town — except on duty. Once he went and was supposed to be back for dinner. His pass was due to expire at 7:59 p.m. He came back the following day at noon. Walking unsteadily he was taken before the Company Commander, came to attention, suddenly yelled out one word, "Whoopee" — and then fell down. He slept for several hours and when he awakened, he told this story: he said he was on his way back to camp when he hailed a lorry at Mahmet Ali Square. There were a number of soldiers in the lorry and they asked him who he was. "I am a Pole," he answered.

When the lorry was passing his camp he wanted to get down but the driver would not stop. Eventually the soldiers arrived at their own camp. They then explained to him that they were South Africans. "They had heard that the Poles were the best drinkers in the world," so one of them said, and they would not let our friend go before he had a drink with them because they did not believe that there were any better drinkers than the South Africans.

"What could I do?" asked the Polish soldier. "I had to defend Polish honor. I did." With what result he did not remember. He only knew that he had not disgraced the Polish name.

The different languages presented many difficulties to these British and Polish soldiers, but George and Jasio managed to make themselves understood by drawing pictures or gesticulating with their hands. Jasio's knowledge of English was usually limited to "O.K."; "No" and "Sure", while George's Polish consisted of one word only, "dobra, dobra," but they managed to understand each other's conversation.

Yes, a great spirit of friendship exists between the Polish and Empire troops out in the Middle East. A friendship which will remain a long while after this war is over and Victory has been won.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY GOAT"

WOJTEK'S STORY

(Continued from page 9)

on seeing us, the other climbed above us.

I turned gently to meet them. I gave the order to two other pilots to take on the diving Hun. We twisted and twined in these dog-fight tactics, each waiting for an opening, several times. I was just settling in to another turn and the Hun was climbing away again for the umpteenth time when I noticed four more Messerschmitts approaching from below.

I warned the others and made a quick turn towards them. The first two of them were already firing at me and the other two were manoeuvring to attack me on my tail. I let those in front of me have a burst from my machine-guns. They broke away sharply. One of my men left me to meet the others that were catching up on my tail from the rear. In a few seconds everyone was engaged in a dog-fight. "Sparrow" and I were still chasing the first two, but unable to close in on either of them. I dived to 20,000 feet, hoping to give my "Spitfire" a better chance, always keeping the sun well in my back. At this moment I found I was running out of petrol. There is no arguing with the gauge. I made for the base.

The score for the day wasn't bad: Two certain and a "probable."

I had eggs and bacon for my tea.

Continued from page 7

contemplative art. Stanislaw Szukalski (1895), has created monumental sculptures, decorative and symbolical, restless and full of tension, vividly reminding one of pre-Columbian Maya and Aztec art. This artist, a pupil of the Academy of Fine Arts in Krakow, first came to America in 1913. Later on he lived at times in Poland, at times in Chicago or Hollywood. Szukalski "is either worshipped or condemned, never treated with indifference", as Roger A. Crane says. "He is too dynamic to be ignored." Blanche Gambon wrote of him: "Fundamentally Szukalski is an artist of Poland; his motifs are the product of the emotional and sensitive soul of the Pole who, for the last one hundred and fifty years suffered the criminal invasion of his neighbors; and that is the reason why Stanislaw Szukalski expresses himself in darkly sad and gloomy motifs."



"VICTORY" by E. Wittig

of the Polish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1939-1940, struck the visitor by its force and monumental simplicity. Its subject was "First Polish Emigrants in America," and symbolized the work of the earliest Polish emigrants to America in 1607, when they began to extract potash from wood by methods then unknown in the New World. First of the youngest generation of Polish sculptors, educated in the art schools of liberated Poland was Alfons Karny (1901). He and his colleagues, like the Polish painters of the same generation, directed all their attention to the solution of technical and formal problems, their aspiration being to reach perfection of form, as far as it is possible for the human endeavor. The names of Jadwiga Horodyska, Stanislaw Komaszewski, Ludwika Kraskowska, Franciszek Masiak, Kazimierz Pietkiewicz, Karol Tchorek, Bazyl Wojtowicz, and

It is impossible to list here all the Polish sculptors of that generation who deserve attention. But this article would be incomplete without mention of Zofia Trzcinska-Kaminska (1890), sculptress in stone, and Franciszek Strynkiewicz, whose chosen medium is bronze.

Jozef Klukowski (1894) stands out as a sculptor in relief. He received a first prize at the Tenth Olympiad in Los Angeles for his "sport sculpture." His large bas-relief in stone, decorating one of the walls

many others come to mind.

During the twenty years of Poland's independence all these and other artists were given the opportunity not only to study in Polish art schools and art academies, but were awarded numerous scholarships for study at home and abroad. Their work was encouraged by the holding of exhibitions, the awarding of commissions, the exhibition of their work abroad. For Poland realized, that the youngest generation of her artists represented not only the present of Polish culture, but also the future, that they would train and educate others to come . . . And so they will!

*With Freedom in chains and Truth in hiding,
Polish Art flourishes still.*